

HUMOR

Masturbate theater

Struck by porn

So I'm in Palm Springs reading the newspaper when the following ad catches my eye: "Pornstar BBQ & Video Shoot, Saturday 1 p.m., All Worlds Resort."

"What do you suppose they serve at a porn star barbecue?" I ask my partner.

"Footlong hot dogs, I guess," he says.

I'm kind of conflicted about porn. On the one hand, I think it can be dehumanizing, an obstacle to intimacy. On the other hand...well, porn can keep the other hand pretty busy.

So I figure, what the hell. We're on vacation, and besides, I can use the 10-buck admission fee as a tax deduction.

When I arrive, I discover they're actually barbecuing hamburgers, but the porn stars are the ones handling the meat, which only seems appropriate. Aaron Tanner, a former financial adviser and today's bottom, works the grill. I'm introduced to him by his real name, which only serves to confuse me.

I have a hard enough time remembering names as it is. Like with Tom Cruise's alleged boyfriend, Chad Slater, whose real name is Kyle Bradford. I could understand if the man were born Murray Rosenblatt or Gomez Jones, but why invent a *nom de porn* when you've already got one?

I ask Aaron how much he makes on a shoot. "That's a personal question," he sniffs.

I see. Taking pictures usually reserved for the proctologist is OK, but asking about finances, now that's too invasive.

"Today we'll be filming *Pomstruck 4*," the production assistant announces to the crowd of about 60 men gathered on the patio. (For those of you who might have missed *Pomstrucks 1-3*, they're all about naked men having sex at a resort in Palm Springs.)

Pomstruck 4 is a decidedly low-budget

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



affair—one camera, one light, a lot of condoms and a Costco-size bottle of lube with a pump top. There's no fluffer, despite numerous volunteers from the audience. Aaron does the honors for his co-star, whose porn name is Tino Lopez, not to be confused with Tina Louise, television's Ginger from *Gilligan's Island*.

I kneel down to get a better view of the action and notice at least a half-dozen guys in the crowd playing pocket pool. Frankly, the sex doesn't do a thing for me. Granted, I'm not going anywhere until it's over, but I'm not aroused either. It's just not as sexy without the wompa-wompa music.

The director, Rafael (one name only please, like Madonna or Cher), films the blow jobs first, which take an hour or so, then sets up the rim shots. "OK, spread 'em," he instructs Tino. The entire crowd moves forward en masse in anticipation.

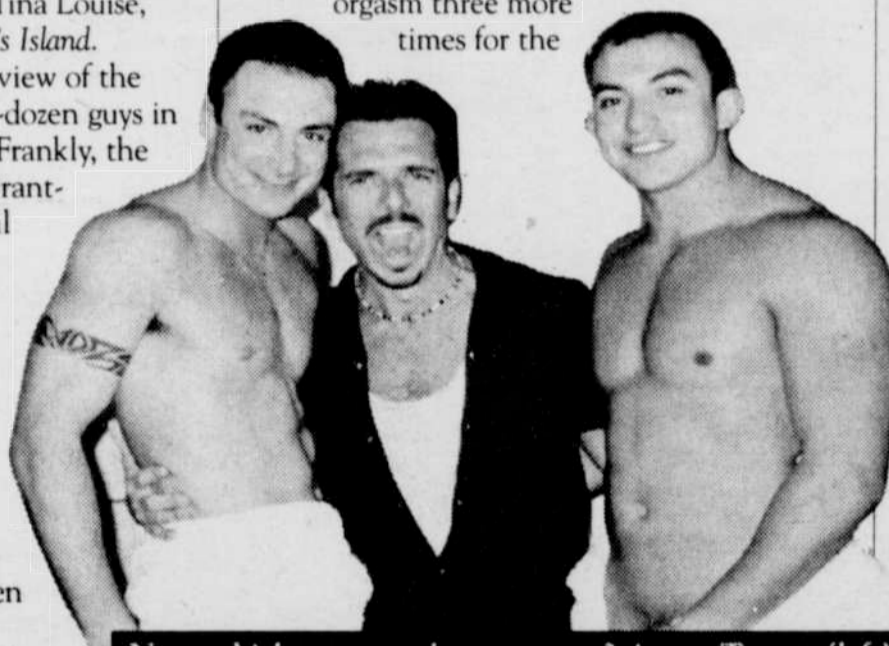
"Now *dive!*" he shouts like a submarine commander. Perhaps they

should call this movie *Das Booty* instead. I glance sideways and note that lots of periscopes are up.

"OK," the PA announces, "we'll be back in 15 minutes for penetration," which is a statement you don't hear every day.

The penetration shots take a long time, and the crowd grows restless. In between takes, Aaron swigs Mountain Dew and rubs Ambusol on his ass to numb the irritation. (You try getting screwed for hours on end without chafing.) Tino changes to a fresh condom every time we break. I don't know why, he just likes it that way.

Aaron does his cum shot, then fakes an orgasm three more times for the



Now, which ones are the porn stars? Aaron Tanner (left) and Tino Lopez flank a clearly dazzled Marc Acito

close-ups, like Meg Ryan in *When Harry Met Sally*. "Don't wipe that up," Rafael says to the PA, "we need that for the next shot." (Continuity is so important in filmmaking.)

But Tino is having trouble delivering the goods, and Aaron has to lie there all sticky while he waits for Tino to finish. A cell phone goes off. Guys in the crowd start looking at their watches and muttering about dinner reservations. I'm reminded of the time I went to Cape Canaveral and had to wait a really long time before the rocket finally launched.

Tino is sent to the bathroom to concentrate. "Clear a space," the PA says. "When he's ready, he'll come running." Or perhaps cum running, if we're lucky.

But alas, it seems the old well's done run dry. Tino can't finish.

"We'll do the cum shot tomorrow," the PA announces to the few of us remaining. Most of the guys in the audience have wandered off, some going back to their rooms to do what poor Tino cannot.

But for me, this is the best way the day can end. Instead of simply standing passively by as anonymous voyeurs, the audience has used this little display as an appetizer to the main course of intimacy with a real live person.

In a world in which gay men are already isolated by virtue of our identities, it warms the cockles of my heart to see us connect, whatever the means. And if you've ever had your cockles warmed, you know how good that can feel.

And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*. **JM**

MARC ACITO works hard for his money—in this case, harder than usual. He can be reached at marcacito@attbi.com.

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